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GLEANER

JULY, 1928

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THE STAFF

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Campus News

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Agriculture

STANLEY FIDELGOLTZ, '29

Editor

Alumni

JOSEPH LIEBERNICK

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Athletics

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Exchange

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HARRY E. ROGIN, '29

Editor-in-Chief

Antiques

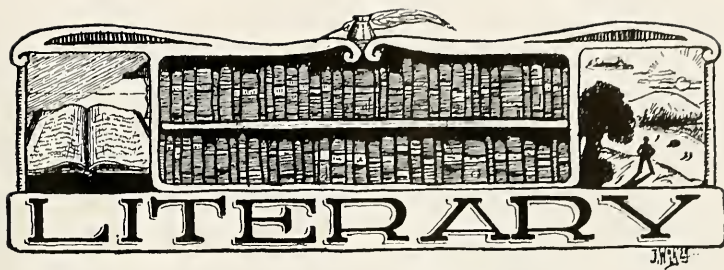
WHAT could be more valuable than a dusty little relic just brought into an exclusive antique shop? It is gazed upon with open eyes and many a gasp escapes the inquisitive visitor. All the old legends of Napoleon and Louis XIV are brought back to mind again. It is all most enjoyable.

Many years of a slow steady change in Farm School have made old memories antiquated for the Alumni: new buildings have sprung up and have made old-time haunts more precious. New friends have been made and old ones become much dearer. New environment has taken the place of the old and Farm School seems a haven.

Alumni Day also brings a relic for the students. In this slow change, old tricks and "bull" sessions have become modified; raids are only planned; rules and regulations are different. School life has seen a radical change. And what could be more enjoyable than to listen to the times of yore. To see all the historic athletes together and beat the varsity and to try to sleep in comfort for two days.

Alumni Day brings relics for the students and precious memories for the Alumni. We wish them a happy week-end.





Behind the Closet Door

VICTOR GOODSTEIN, '29.

THE job looked easy, and it was. Almost the first key in the bunch opened the basement door, and Lenny found himself in the house. It was dismal and dark—very dark—and he stood still while his eyes accustomed themselves to the obscurity. Then, bit by bit, he edged to the stairs and went up them to the main floor.

Here darkness yielded to a subdued lighting, and, flattening himself against the panelled wall, Lenny paused to take in the situation.

It was a venture in a field new to him. By inclination, by aptitude, by a love of the art which was so intense that he was usually engaged in scrawling on every flat surface within reach he was a wielder of the pen, an expert in the production of signatures warranted to defy any but the closest inspection. His dexterity had been capitalized by bolder men who had directed him, had profited by his skill—and were now paying for their boldness behind steel bars.

Lenny had escaped arrest but he had lost his guides. Promptly he found himself starving, and, being a simple soul, hoped to remedy his condition in the most direct manner. Ganzi's house he had heard in the underworld, contained a mass of treasure. There was a valuable coin collection that filled many cases.

That the house was guarded by a burglar alarm that was almost human was blissfully unknown to Lenny. He flattered himself that his entrance was undetected.

The aroma of burning cigars was wafted to him from the nearby library. Now was the time to charge upon the inhabitants of the house with his pistol drawn—but the thought was abhorrent to him. Lenny hated violence.

He was smiling over his problem when suddenly—so suddenly that he never quite understood how it happened—a ring of chilly metal touched the nape of his neck and an even chillier voice bade him drop his revolver.

He obeyed orders—he was accustomed to doing that—and shuffled meekly into the library when his captor commanded him to do so.

It was a warm cheerful place, and the stout man who sat in an easy chair, puffing at a cigar looked warm and cheerful.

"Mister—" began Lenny.

An icy voice at his back interrupted him. "I'm Ganzi," it said. Lenny wheeled and his heart dropped a beat; a tall, lean individual, with the thinnest lips and the beadiest eyes that Lenny had ever seen, was covering him.

"Going to tell me it's your first time?"

Lenny nodded mutely.

"Wife and dozen kids starving at home, eh? Is the gun loaded?"

Lenny nodded unhappily as Ganzi methodically verified the fact by breaking and recharging the weapon.

"I'd phone for the police," suggested the stout cheerful man.

"Not yet," said Ganzi. He opened a closet door and pointed with his automatic. "Get in there," he said to Lenny. "I'll be on the other side of this," he warned, "don't try to break it down."

The latch clicked, a key turned, and Lenny sat down in utter darkness, to wonder what was to become of him, disarmed, helpless, a prisoner; the future was unpromising. His hand stole into his pocket to caress the stub of a pencil—that was companionable.

He expected to hear a voice telephoning for the police. He heard it presently, but it was not telephoning. It was addressing the warm, cheerful man, and Lenny was not the subject of the conversation. Stocks—the name of a railroad—the

mysterious phrase "selling short". Queer!

The men outside began to raise their voices. "I've made you a fair offer," he heard Ganzi saying.

"It's not for you to say what's fair."

"I've told you my limit," shrilled Ganzi, "I won't pay you another cent."

The warm, cheerful man laughed. "He who sells what isn't his," he quoted, "must buy it back or go to prison! You broke me five years ago, Ganzi, and I've been laying for you ever since. It's your turn to sell out now."

Abruptly Ganzi's voice rose to an excited screech. "I give you one minute to make up your mind! One minute!"

There was the sound of an overturned chair and the cheerful man's voice was suddenly heard panic stricken. "Put down that gun, Robinson," it pleaded, "put it down!"

Then, muffled by the door between, came the report of a revolver shot, and Lenny heard a low throaty moan and a heavy fall. He rose to his feet, quivering, trembling.

(Continued on page 19)

The White Stag

(From the Ycoman of U'hland)

*Three hunters went clattering, hot on the chase,
The white stag a-trailing, breakneck pace.*

They lay themselves early beneath a cool tree,

*A singular dream came to each of the three.
Recounting his vision, "I beat through the bush,"*

The first brave boasted, "when out wildly rushed

The stag, in response to my cry Shush Shush!"

"And then at my barking hound he sprang!"

Said hunter the second! "I shot, bang bang."

*"When dead on the ground before me lay
The beast," said the third (like an ass he brayed)*

"I blew on horn Trara! Hooray!"

*Thus of their valor these three spoke high
But while they were prattling the stag ran by.*

And ere the huntsmen could ere more than look

*To heels over valley and hill he took.
Shush-shush! Bang-bang! Trara! Hooray!*

'31.

Greatness

*The novel that is great is melancholy
And gloats on squalor, weakness, crime,
and folly.*

*The poem that is great and praise command-
ing
Successfully eludes the understanding.*

*The music that is great and noble, neatly
Avoids all taint of melody completely.*

*The painting that is great, as well as clever,
Escapes resembling anything whatever.*

*The great biography, with fearless candor,
Presents as truth a well-cooked slander*

*And if you would be great and unforgotten
Convince the world that it is rotten.*

VICTOR, '29

Memory

*In my younger days,
It was fortune always,
No adversity did I meet,
Life was bright and sweet!*

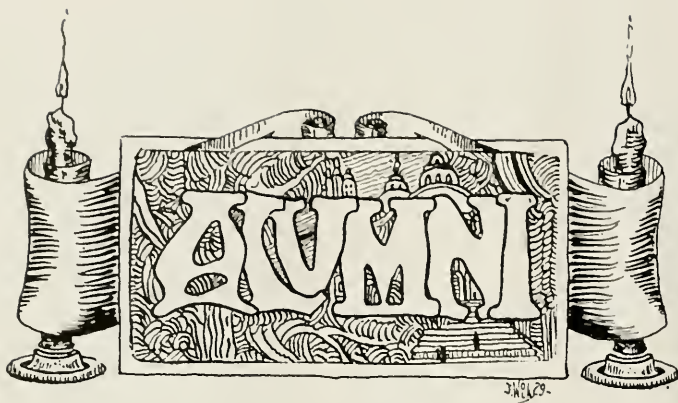
*Then out to war's deadly call,
There to see brave men fall;
Back to the world of peace,
There to survive or to cease!*

*My eyes have opened at last,
Life is only one chance cast;
Though many prefer wealth,
To me, success is health!*

*My days of nurture are on,
My narrow world is gone;
Replaced by life's rapid trend,
Success—failure—the end!*

HARRY DUBROW, '29.





JOSEPH LIEBERNICK '29

Alumni Greeting—President Herbert D. Allman

THROUGH the courtesy of the Editorial Staff of the *GLEANER*, I am privileged to offer you through the medium of their Alumni Issue, a hearty welcome and cordial greeting.

It is the desire of the Board of Trustees to encourage these annual gatherings of former students, whose comfort and entertainment will be looked after by our Dean, Faculty and students.

We appreciate and foster the spirited interest you are showing in your Alma Mater. It has been my pleasure to address your New York and Philadelphia Chapters, a fine body of men—not all in agriculture, but in other prosperous vocations—credit for their success in these endeavors being given to their early training at The National Farm School.

With the betterment in agricultural conditions—a larger and improved school—it is our hope that more of our graduates will remain on the farm. By reason of large acreage, numerous cattle and improved farm machinery, an agricultural education is expensive, and as we must depend upon the generous public for support, good reasons for our existence must be shown—successful agriculturists.

Many of you Alumni contemplate farming after accumulating capital in present vocations; then your early training at the School will be invaluable. I know of hundreds of successful men in business and professions, who in the evening of their lives would be delighted to spend their days in the open, but unfortunately are handicapped on account of lack of farm knowledge—fearing to be at the mercy of their employees.

The success of colleges and schools depends upon their Alumni, and we shall continue to look for your valuable support.

May you and your families spend an enjoyable and pleasant outing at the School.

A Message

BY JAMES WORK, '13

ANOTHER year has gone, July is here, and with it the Twenty-eighth Annual Reunion—that Reunion to which all loyal Farm School Graduates should trek, no matter what their present position, condition, or their affiliations assumed after leaving their Alma Mater. The seventh and eighth of July should be Farm School days to all Farm School men. And having arrived here, what should it mean? Last year in his message your President stressed one thing—the greatest virtue on earth—Loyalty. I would that we all should reconsecrate ourselves during these, our two days, to a greater sense of Loyalty, of Gratitude, of Service to the School which has given us gifts mightier than we realize. Much is to be done.

Since our last Reunion Farm School has steadily forged ahead. You can sense the changes accomplished during this Reunion. The Graduates have contributed in no small measure to its progress, but we have unfinished tasks that cannot be left undone, and new duties that must be assumed.

Alumni Athletic Field speaks for itself. It is fitting that the contributions toward this important work should represent the feelings of a greater percentage of the Graduates than are now represented. Much still remains to be done to complete this Field and make it worthy of the Alumni.

We are pledged to complete the Alumni Scholarship of ten thousand dollars, the interest of which will provide for one boy in the School at all times. These two projects must not be left uncompleted. We must give these things thought.

Bearing in mind that the Alumni Athletic Field and Alumni Scholarship Fund are far from complete, but having faith that Farm School has turned out the type of man who finishes what he starts, we should look to the coming year to inaugurate two new ideas, of far less magnitude financially, but equally as important as the Field and the Fund.

First, we should set up several student prizes to be known as Alumni Prizes and presented at Graduation.

Secondly, we should put in motion the machinery for the publication of an Alumni Record, to be ready for issue by July, 1929, and containing the history of and interesting facts concerning every graduate with whom we can get in touch.

Neither of the above innovations will cost much. Both will contribute mightily toward the success and reputation of this Association.

I cannot close this message without heartily congratulating the Philadelphia and New York Chapters on the fine records made by them since last Reunion. May their successes be unabated, and may Chicago and other cities where there are Farm School Graduates fall in line.



Editorial

THE Alumni are on a rampage. They are out to make a record and there is no gainsaying them. If their present pace is kept up, they will do more than establish records; they will shatter them.

The Alumni started their epoch-making career last year when they gave us the Athletic Field. The field is undeniably an admirable one from any and every standpoint. It is a field which is bound to inspire our football men with that "Horatio at the bridge" spirit which spells triumph and victory for Farm School.

But to our magnanimous Alumni this is a mere drop in the bucket. They have also decided to furnish a grandstand—with seats. The funds necessary to make this possible are already being raised and before long this structure will undoubtedly adorn the athletic field.

Having given us a football field, and now preparing to add a grandstand, one would naturally expect the Alumni to ease up. But no, they are not satisfied; they want more fields to conquer. This time it is something new, something unique—an Alumni House. Yes, sir, a house for graduates to come to and live in whenever they visit the school. What sayest thou to this? Is it not an excellent idea? Unquestionably it is. And I know that I voice the sentiments of the entire student body when I hope for a speedy materialization of this noble edifice.

In the meantime, when our graduates come on Alumni Day, we will, for lack of such a building, do our best to entertain them and make their stay an agreeable one.

J. L., '29.

Report of the New York Alumni Chapter

The year of 1928 finds the New York Alumni entering the second year of their epoch-making career. Our past achievements do not require a recounting but, nevertheless, we are out this year to make a better record.

We inaugurated the new year with a gala meeting, being honored by the presence of Pres. Allman, Dean Goodling, and Mr. Samuels. Mr. Allman and Mr. Goodling were both most kind in their expression of confidence and in their cordial invitation to all Alumni to visit the school whenever possible and to participate in their activities. Coach Samuels gave a very encouraging and

stimulating account of the athletic teams. A drive has also been instituted to raise the necessary funds for the erection of a grandstand to go with the Alumni Athletic Field. If no hitch occurs the plans call for erection this summer.

A report is now in order of the Stag Smoker held at the Hotel Manhattan Square early in March. The affair was highly successful and a good time was had by all. Details of the foregoing affair are not in order.

The coming Alumni Days, July 7th and 8th, from all indications should be the most successful to date. The New York

(Continued on page 31)



STANLEY FIDELGOLTZ, '29

Alumni Day

This is the time of the year grad pilgrimages back to dear old Farm School. Once more you will find yourself upon the scene of your early life. Perhaps your chief topic of conversation will pertain to your chief occupation and how you are making out. Like all other schools Farm School is no exception. All of its grads do not follow the profession to which they pledged themselves. I do hope to see among you a great many who are in some way connected with agriculture.

You will find the farms and grounds greatly changed from what they were five years ago. Perhaps you may not recognize some of the places. The school is progressing rapidly. A great deal of the success of the school is due to you loyal grads who are spreading the name of Farm School wherever you go. Keep it up fellows and do your best for good old Alma Mater. Make it a school by itself, especially in the way of Agriculture.

S. F., '29.

Outlook in Agriculture

M. MILLER, '29

THE farmers of the U. S. produce more per man than the farmers of any other country. They do not produce as much per acre as do those of some other nations, but each individual worker on the farms of this country is outstanding in production. While this is the truth we have never stopped to analyze our agricultural efficiency in comparison to advances made in other countries. For some time, the condition of the corn-belt farmers has attracted the attention of the public. The whole country is offering suggestions, criticisms, and legislation to put the farmer on a better basis. Most of the activity is directed toward improving the price that the farmer receives for his product. In view of this problem of the farmer the many other links in the chain of profitable production are overlooked.

There is a statement which runs, that wealth is determined by the production of each individual worker. That, in other words, determines the standards of living of a country. Natural resources will not in themselves give a

country a high standard of living. They must be developed. If each person each day is able by his ability and equipment to turn out a large production, then the wealth and standard of living of that nation will be high. The early economists in America had all the natural resources we have today, yet they did not have a high standard of living because they did not develop those resources. The use of machinery or power guided by the theory of scientific and practical research increases the efficiency of the worker and improves the wealth of the people.

For example, a few years ago California asked for a tariff on rice, complaining that she could not develop the rice industry in competition with rice grown with cheap oriental labor. Today California is paying good wages to workers to grow rice, some of which is exported to China and sold for less than the Chinese can afford to sell their own crop, even though they can have labor for 15 cents per day. This was made possible by the use of machinery and high production per man. The Californian with his machinery tends about 100 acres of rice, whereas in China three laborers are needed for an acre.

The practical test for efficiency is the profit which results from the operation. The factors that determine the profit from growing a crop equals the selling price, minus the cost of raising, times the yield per acre. The efficient use of machinery does much to reduce labor costs. However, this can be overdone for farmers have failed because of too much high priced equipment and power. They must be used efficiently. That is, the machinery on a farm must be used for the greater part of the year to be considered efficient.

A farmer must use careful judgment and know when work will pay and when it will not give returns. While extra labor might increase yields, the yields might be insufficient to pay returns on labor. It is sometimes argued that poor crops in many instances bring higher prices than bumper crops. However if the individual farmer works efficiently his profits should be in direct proportion to the yield per acre.

Farmers to a great extent cannot use the plan of mass production now generally adopted by industry. Nor can agriculture increase her efficiency as rapidly as industry because of the fundamental differences of the two. The farmer has to rely on the vagaries of Nature, while organized industry is sheltered and protected. But farming can be made much more efficient as demonstrated by records showing what some men are doing. These highly efficient farmers are doing nothing that the mass of farmers cannot do or adopt. The thorough school training and education of future farmers will enable them to grasp and adopt new and more efficient methods than has been the case heretofore. The school-trained farmer makes the most capable manager on the farm, which, just as everywhere else, always plays a big part in determining the yield and cost of production and improves the standard of living.

Mr. Schneider—"What is limburger
cheese made out of?"

Zwaaf—"Out of doors."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream."

"Let him freeze, the little rascal; he
was in the soup yesterday."

Departmental Doings

IT WAS a warm sultry day, cloudy yet hot enough to remind me that the sun was not entirely lost. A wonderful day to fall asleep. Of course, the editor always did think that I was sleepy. He had just got through raising all kinds of cain (even his moustache) with me for delaying the Alumni issue. Issue or no issue I would sleep and so I did.

Inside of a half hour I had cut down an entire forest with snoring energy.

* * * * *

It was now cool, an ideal day for riding. It was time to inspect my domain with its broad acres and see how things were going.

I had my horse saddled and away I went over towards the Rocks to Nos. 4 and 5, managed by two good men, Lampert and Silver. When I got there I found them in the midst of a hot argument over some foolish thing or other.

Just in time, when they saw me they quit and after a little jawing I finally drew forth the following report:

"Farms 4 and 5 are being worked as one unit. It consists of 258 acres in oats, corn, wheat, hay, and potatoes. Everything is looking fine and we expect a good year."

Warning them not to scratch each other up, I was soon on my way to No. 3. I had gotten about half-way there when I heard a buzzing that reminded me of boiling water. We were now in the land of the honey bees. Dismounting from Dobbin's back I strode over to the colony houses just in time to hear Silent Dan lose his silence as seven bees departed from his hands depositing their stingers sort of insultingly.

"What ho, Dan!" I inquired.

"No how. Oh! You mean how is

everything. Just fine. We have fifty-four 8-frame colonies and fifty ten-frame colonies. Poor weather conditions do not allow the bees to gather much honey. The clover was inaccessible and because of the unusually rainy spring things were quite poor. However if the weather changes for the better, we will be having a fairly good honey flow."

Realizing that I was supposed to be on my way to No. 1, I bid Silent Dan adieu and pranced away on my faithful steed to No. 1, supervised by Harry and Dal. Knowing from rumors that these two villains kept a vicious bull on the grounds to torment visitors, I approached stealthily. Slowly but surely I mowed my way to the barn where unobserved I saw Dal and Harry trying to force a bi-carb sundae down Cassie's stubborn throat.

"Say," I burst out, "don't you know any better than to do a thing like that?" Weissman wheeled around suddenly and shouted out, "Oh, ho, so it's you, Unc." "Well, what is new that isn't old around these parts?" I asked.

"So you would like to have the inside dope," Harry demanded.

"Yes, if that is what you call it."

Dal and Harry proceeded to pour into my ears a tale of the doings at Nos. 1, 3, 7.

"Well, down here at 3 and 7 we are spraying spuds and cutting down the obnoxious weeds between the rows of corn. Our hogs are gaining weight by the pound. The oats are up and doing fine. Over at 7 the fields were heavily limed. Also pasture fences at both 3 and 7 have been repaired so as to hold the heifers that are coming down from the Dairy. Here at 1 things couldn't be better. With nine cows milking and one

dry we are putting out 150 qts. of milk a day. In spare time we do a little repair work. We have a new breeding rack, and are building a cement walk. Our seven acres of Winter wheat are almost ready for harvest and the twelve-acre spud patch is getting along famously. The plants have received four sprays. Soon we will be busy cutting hay."

"That's the old spirit," I answered. "Keep it up and the World will be yours, maybe."

Bidding good-bye to the No. 1 Bosses I made my way towards the Horticulture layout. Not a bad time to stop off and see what was going on here as it was near dinner time. Surely I could swallow a few strawberries before the Prophet should espy me. Dismounting from my wavering nag I saw a sight that made me wonder whether or not something was wrong. At the end of the rows I saw the boys in full-dress suits. Yes, as near full-dress as the day they were born. At first I thought they were doing an Aesthetic dance. Later I found out that it was the latest style for picking berries. Reading Pete and Bill were playing basketball with the strawberries while Faraway Si was composing a poem on the Mississippi mud. I soon found out that Mr. Purnell's men were always on the job when they were not loafing. Bit by bit I pieced together the following information:

"Spraying is one of the outstanding operations in this department. The apple orchard and the two young bearing peach orchards received their second and third sprays. The cucumbers received only one. All orchards were tractor disked and cultivated. The No. 2 orchard which for five years was in sod has been turned under. All the vegetables were thinned and fertilized. The third year asparagus patch came into bearing and produced around 500 pounds. Rhubarb and scullions were

harvested and sold. The peaches and apples are coming along finely and are free from disease. The Staymens and Winesaps show indications of bearing a heavy crop whereas the Yorks and Grimes are exceedingly thin in bearing. The strawberry beds are bearing quite heavy."

After hearing the story of Horticulture "Sos" and I went over to the scullion patch where we found John and Rosy engaged in a scullion-eating contest. That was sullicient. Without saying good-bye I jumped on Dobbin's camel back and away we went, not stopping until we saw the Gym loom up in front of us. Not far from there I saw a group of boys were playing mumbly peg. This I imagined was the landscape crew occupying their spare time, as the campus was quite free from high grass and paper. The game was suddenly stopped when Sam Brown pegged the knife into Steiny's shin by mistake. When they saw me they all at once tried to give me a version of what the Landscapers were doing. Lonyai got in the first word but not until Rosenberg cut him short. Being a detective I pieced the whole together and it was something like this.

"We transplanted innumerable perennials among which were Siberian Wallflower, English Shasta Daisy. We are doing some landscape work outside of school. The grounds are being beautified by seeding grass and resodding. The new Alumni Field is also under our jurisdiction. For the first time in the history of N. F. S. we are propagating Japanese Red Maple. We have 3000 wild roses in the field which will be ready for budding about the middle of July. Our 5000 arbor vitae seedlings which were planted last spring are making rapid progress."

Just then Mr. Piesser hove into view and the Landscapers scattered.

Seeing the Greenhouse close by I walked over. I came just in time to see:

The Social Lion close the book of rules on etiquette and allied subjects and bark out a number of orders to the exhausted Freshman. Fresh as a daisy Mr. Weber turned around to greet me and hand me his line.

"You see, it's this way. We have succeeded in growing much larger outdoor crops than ever in our small history. We have planted outside 2000 asters, 1100 carnations and a few thousand outdoor chrysanthemums. A 700-foot flower bed was planted along the State Highway. Six hundred geraniums were sold this season. In spite of the fact that the carnations and snapdragons were troubled with rust and red spider they did remarkably well. There are 4000 chrysanthemum plants in two-inch pots waiting to be set in as soon as the carnations are removed and the beds prepared. Our snapdragons are already in flats in order to insure an early crop.

"Yes sir, we are working hard here. You will hear more from us in the future. Good-day."

Rudely ushered out in this manner I strode around for a while until I came

across London trying to cut the ribs out of a chicken. At least I thought he was anyway. "Greetings on thy curly head" I shouted as we clasped hands. "How's the Poultry and all the chicks."

"Just so, just so."

"Well, let me hear all about it."

London got started and it wasn't long before I heard what was what. I even knew how many boards were in each range house. That's what I call knowing your stuff.

"We have 2200 pullets in our brooders. We are still using the old method of semi-confinement and screened sun porches which results in low mortality. The soil around the brooders was limed to help sanitation and to prevent worminfestations. Due to screen porches and strict sanitation we had no trouble with coccidiosis. We have 50 capons all coming along great. We expect to have 25 more. This gives the students a chance to practice caponizing which is one of the important branches of the poultry industry.

(Continued on page 27)





SPORTS



JOSEPH KOVARICK, '29

Editorial

THE approach of Alumni Day brings to us the realization that the graduates of this institution are still interested heart and soul in the welfare of Farm School. Their latest achievement has been the construction of a beautiful, new athletic field for the use of the students.

The Alumni Athletic Field, as it will be known upon completion, will consist of a turtle-back football field of the very highest type of construction, an outdoor sod basketball court, a running track and several tennis courts. The students of Farm School can in no way express the great gratitude they feel toward the Alumni for the generous contribution they have made to the success of our Athletic teams.

The idea originated with Mr. Samuel Samuels and Mr. Jerry L. Campbell, of our own faculty. "Jimmie" Work, Alumni President, and the New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh chapters of the Alumni Association come in for special commendation as it was due to their untiring efforts and interest that the field has almost reached a state of completion.

In all probability, the dedication of the field will take place on Alumni Day, July 7th-8th.

J. K., '29

Baseball Season

The fifth game of the season ended in a disastrous defeat suffered at the hands of the Ursinus Frosh. Thirteen errors by the home team and timely hitting by the collegians resulted in a 20-2 victory for the latter.

URSINUS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kerper, lf., p.....	7	3	1	0	0	0
Hunter, cf.....	4	2	0	0	0	0
Conover, cf.....	3	2	2	0	0	0
Coble, ss.....	6	3	4	1	1	1
Sternor, 2b.....	5	2	2	2	1	0
Bateman, 3b.....	6	1	1	3	0	1
Meckley, c.....	5	0	1	15	2	0
Campiglio, 1b.....	5	3	1	5	0	0
Dennis, lf.....	6	2	2	0	1	0
Houtz, p., rf.....	5	2	1	1	2	0
	52	20	15	27	7	2

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kleinman, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Brooks, ss.....	3	0	0	2	1	2
Stuhlman, 2b.....	4	0	1	3	4	2
Hoguet, p.....	4	0	0	2	0	1
Broadbent, 1b.....	4	1	2	8	2	0
Weshner, 3b.....	2	0	1	2	3	3
Rosen, lf.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Jung, c.....	1	1	0	10	1	4
Rosenzweig, rf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
	29	2	5	27	11	13
URSINUS.....	4	3	1	2	1	0
N. F. S.....	0	1	0	0	0	1
	20	2	0	0	0	2

DREXEL FRESH

The following week a slugfest with the Drexel Freshmen ended in another defeat. After 7 hectic innings the score stood at

18-15 in favor of the Philadelphia boys. "Bud" Hoguet was the slugging sensation of the afternoon with two doubles and a home run.

DREXEL	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Briggs, lf., p.	5	3	0	0	0	1	
Birardi, 3b.	4	2	0	1	1	0	
Thomas, 2b.	5	3	3	3	1	1	
Stec, c, lf.	5	3	3	4	1	0	
Barr, 1b.	5	3	2	11	0	0	
Cassel, c, rf.	5	3	1	0	3	2	
Swen, cf.	3	0	2	0	0	0	
Oberholtzer, ss.	5	1	1	0	2	0	
Musser, p.	3	0	0	2	3	0	
Capitolo, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0	

41 18 12 21 12 4

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Kleinman, cf.	4	1	2	0	0	2	
Brooks, ss.	3	0	0	2	2	1	
Stuhlman, 2b.	4	2	2	0	2	1	
Hoguet, p.	4	4	3	3	3	1	
Broadbent, 1b.	3	4	2	9	0	0	
Weshner, 3b.	3	3	3	0	0	3	
Rosen, lf.	3	0	1	0	0	0	
Jung, c.	1	1	0	7	1	0	
Rosenzweig, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	1	

29 15 13 21 8 9

DREXEL FROSH.....4 0 3 1 0 3 7-18

FARM SCHOOL.....6 2 0 3 0 2 2-15

TAYLOR SCHOOL

The team showed a great reversal of form on May 16th and with Freshman Kravitz, a rookie, pitching, took a swell played game from Taylor School by the score of 10-2. Kleinman's home run in the 6th inning was the batting feature of the game.

TAYLOR SCHOOL	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Taylor, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Benner, rf.	2	1	0	0	0	0	
DeRocco, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0	
Smedley, lf.	4	0	1	0	0	0	
Detwiler, 3b.	4	1	2	2	1	0	
McGlinchy, 2b.	3	0	0	2	0	0	
Carrigan, cf.	2	0	0	1	0	0	
Mathews, cf.	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Cloud, c.	3	0	1	12	0	1	

Secton, 1b.	4	0	0	7	0	0	
Haymaker, ss.	3	0	0	0	1	0	

31 2 4 24 6 1

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Kleinman, lf.	4	2	2	2	0	0	
Rosen, rf.	4	2	1	1	0	0	
Stuhlman, 3b.	4	2	2	1	2	0	
Hoguet, cf.	3	1	1	0	0	0	
Broadbent, 1b.	5	1	1	10	0	0	
Weshner, ss.	3	0	0	1	1	0	
Jung, c.	4	1	1	11	0	0	
Kellerman, 2b.	4	0	0	1	2	1	
Kravitz, p.	4	1	1	0	3	0	

35 10 9 27 8 1

TAYLOR SCHOOL.....0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0-2

FARM SCHOOL.....3 0 0 0 0 2 2 3 x-10

WILLIAMSON TRADE SCHOOL

Williamson Trade School, our old rival, was the next victim to the tune of 8-4. Although the game was played on a muddy field and was accompanied by rain, it was interesting throughout. The victory ended a perfect athletic year in our relations with Williamson as we defeated them in Football, Basketball and Baseball.

WILLIAMSON TRADE	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Wilson, 3b.	5	1	1	3	0	0	
Webster, lf.	3	1	0	1	0	0	
Tatmen, cf.	4	0	0	1	0	0	
E. Smith, c.	4	1	1	13	1	0	
Howell, 1b.	3	1	2	5	0	0	
Jaig, ss.	3	0	0	1	1	0	
A. Smith, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0	
Worrall, 2b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	
Kuhnsman, rf.	3	0	1	0	0	0	

31 4 5 24 5 0

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Kleinman, cf.	4	1	1	1	0	1	
Brooks, 2b.	4	1	0	4	1	0	
Stuhlman, 3b.	3	2	1	2	1	0	
Hoguet, p.	4	1	1	0	2	0	
Broadbent, 1b.	2	1	0	9	0	0	
Weshner, ss.	3	1	1	0	6	0	
Jung, c.	4	0	2	10	2	0	
Rosen, lf.	2	1	0	1	0	0	

Rosenzweig, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Wolk, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0

29 8 6 27 12 1

WILLIAMSON TRADE SCHOOL	0	0	0	0	4	0 0 0—4
FARM SCHOOL	0	0	0	4	0 0 2 2	x—8

RIDER SCHOOL

On Friday, June 11th, the team travelled to Trenton, where Rider College defeated us in the best game of the season, 5-3. The boys of old N. F. S. played sensational baseball throughout but could not hold their lead. Timely hitting by Rider College in the closing innings won for them.

RIDER COLLEGE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Brown, ss.	4	0	2	0	2	1
Baekowski, c.	4	0	0	13	1	0
Matouchak, 2b.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Magaill, 3b.	4	2	2	2	1	0
Nelson, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Griggs, 1b.	4	0	1	6	0	0
Brady, cf.	4	2	1	0	0	0
Mason, rf.	2	0	1	2	0	0
Adio, rf.	1	0	1	0	0	0
Takus, p.	3	0	0	0	4	0
	34	5	10	27	8	1

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kleinman, cf.	3	0	2	0	0	0
Brooks, 2b.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Stuhlman, 3b.	3	0	1	2	0	0
Hoguet, p.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Broadbent, 1b.	4	1	2	8	0	0
Weshner, ss.	4	0	1	0	5	1
Jung, c.	3	1	0	4	1	0
Rosen, lf.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Campbell, rf.	3	1	0	1	0	0
	32	3	7	18	11	1

RIDER COLLEGE.....0 1 0 0 0 1 2 x—5

FARM SCHOOL.....0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

PALMER SCHOOL

The following day we closed our season with a 5-inning game against Palmer School. We picked up 8 runs in the first three innings and with no real opposition

facing us, the game developed into a listless encounter.

PALMER SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wizarek, 2b.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Temple, 3b.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Messner, 1b.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Klug, rf.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Dubin, p.	2	0	1	0	1	0
Waltz, lf.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Roland, cf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Allen, ss.	1	1	0	2	0	0
Belcher, c.	1	0	1	8	0	0
	16	1	3	12	2	0

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kleinman, cf.	1	3	0	0	0	0
Brooks, 2b.	1	0	1	1	1	0
Hock, 2b.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stuhlman, 3b.	1	1	0	0	0	0
Hoguet, 1b.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Broadbent, p.	3	1	2	0	0	0
Weshner, ss.	2	1	1	2	2	0
Jung, c.	3	0	0	8	1	0
Rosen, lf.	1	1	0	0	0	0
Campbell, rf.	2	1	0	1	0	0
	17	8	5	15	4	0

PALMER SCHOOL.....0 0 0 0 1— 1

FARM SCHOOL.....3 2 3 2 x—10

FOOTBALL!

FOOTBALL!

FOOTBALL!

Thoughts are already drifting to the coming football season which, under the leadership of Captain "Bud" Hoguet, promises to be the best in the history of Farm School.

Coach Samuels has announced that the first practice will be held early in August, and with a wealth of material remaining from last year hopes are rising high on the wings of campus conversation. The schedule is practically complete and is the severest in the athletic annals of this institution.

Oct. 6—Ursinus Frosh.....	Home
Oct. 13—Drexel Frosh.....	Home
Oct. 20—Trenton State Normal.....	Away
Oct. 27—Delaware University J. V.....	Home
Nov. 3—Kutztown Normal.....	Home
Nov. 10—Rider College.....	Home
Nov. 17—Williamson Trade School.....	Away
Nov. 20—Brown Prep.....	Home
Thanksgiving—Pending	

FRESHMAN-JUNIOR WRESTLING

The recent wrestling matches between the Freshmen and Juniors ended in a draw after an evening of fast and furious wrestling. The juniors started with a rush and took the first two matches but Coach Stuhlman's protégés came back to life and retaliated by taking the next two.

Excitement ran rather high as the last match started with the count knotted at two matches each. The bout was in the heavy-weight class and the opponents were Sam Bauman, coach of the Juniors and "Hefty" Rohrbaugh of the 31 Class. The bout ended in a draw after 5 minutes of strength versus experience.

Results:

115-Lb. Class

Freshman DeWolfson versus Junior Moskowitz
Winner—Moskowitz

125-Lb. Class

Freshman Ray versus Junior Meltzer
Winner—Meltzer

140-Lb. Class

Freshman Winkler versus Junior Earlbauum
Winner—Winkler

160-Lb. Class

Freshman-Kravitz versus Jnnior Petkov
Winner—Kravitz

Heavyweight Class

Freshman Rohrbaugh versus Junior Banman
Winner—Draw

"Another Paris holdup," he remarked as he adjusted his garter.

BEHIND THE CLOSET DOOR

(Continued from page 6)

The closet door was flung open, and a smoking weapon was thrust into his hands. He had a glimpse of the room beyond. He saw a body sprawled on the floor and he noticed a pool of red lending sudden life to the sombre colors of a Persian rug.

"Quick," Ganzi's command, "out with you!"

Lenny did not pause to reason. He knew only that he wanted to leave the place without delay.

He took the gun. He burst out of the house and plunged down the stairs.

Before he could reach the pavement he was gathered in by a pair of policemen who had heard the shot and who wanted to find out what it meant.

Ganzi's identification could not have been more convincing.

"This is the man," he said positively, "I was talking with Mollay when broke in waving a gun. He aimed it at me. He was about to fire when Mollay rnsed him." He glanced at the body and wiped away a tear. "Gentlemen, Mollay was my best, dearest friend."

The police captain who had been hastily summoned to Ganzi's library, frowned at the prisoner. He knew him.

"What have you got to say, Lenny?" he demanded.

"That guy—he done it himself!"

Lenny's auditors snickered. "With your gun?"

"That's just what he done!" Lenny saw the hangman's noose coming nearer and nearer. "Honest to God I didn't croak nobody! Why that guy caught me when I come in! He took the gun away from me! He locked me in the closet."

"That's pure invention," said Ganzi, calmly, "he wasn't in the closet."

The police captain crossed the room to

(Continued on page 30)



HARRY WEISSMAN, '29

EDITORIAL

ASCHOOL is known by the alumni it turns out. Our own alumni, however, have more than acted as a means of advertisement for the school; they have helped make the institution what it is. No other school can boast of such an enthusiastically interested alumni as we have. They have watched the growth of Farm School and have generously contributed of their time, money, and other resources.

Now we wonder, why is it that our grads will stick to N. F. S. There is something extremely distinctive in our life here which helps bind us into an everlasting fraternity. No alumnus has ever returned and not been greeted hospitably by the Student Body and the Faculty. It is all due to the fact that we live here in a close spirit of familiarity which helps instill in us a keen appreciation of our Alma Mater and her principles, which we carry with us wherever we go.

The classes may go and the faces may change, but the Spirit of N. F. S. will never die.

H. W., '29.

Founder's Day

OVER two thousand people attended the Founder's Day Exercises held under the old bell tree.

After an invocation by Rabbi Bookstiver of Harrisburg, Mr. Allman delivered a talk wherein he invited all present to inspect the farms, equipment, and dormitories. He outlined some of the recent improvements in the growth of the school, giving credit to Mr. Goodling for his efforts towards the school's development. After

introducing Lt. Frankel of the 108th Field Artillery as the leader of the new band, Mr. Allman went on to make an earnest plea for additional funds—enough to enlarge our student body capacity. "We are equipped," he said, "to double our present enrollment of 185 students had we a larger maintenance fund."

He paid special tribute to Max Shoenfeld, Rodman Wanamaker and Abraham Erlanger as three men who have done

considerable towards the amelioration of the Farm School status.

He was followed by Mr. Kuhn of N. Y., son-in-law of Max Schoenfeld, who presented to the school a beautiful oil painting of his father-in-law. He then outlined briefly the life of the man, mentioning his early struggles and later achievements.

The speaker of the day was Mr. Aaron Sapiro, the nationally known agricultural promoter and lawyer.

Mr. Sapiro expressed his surprise at the lack of support of our school, which he described as the "greatest single contribution to American agriculture today." He continued to commend N. F. S. as an agricultural institution and praised the efforts of Dr. Krauskopf.

He then stressed the importance of American Agriculture. "Everyone," he said, "must be interested in it because it is the basic industry of the country—we are directly affected by the farmer—whenever we have a weakness in the agricultural areas we have always a corresponding weakness in the social conditions of the nation."

He deplored the lack of co-operation and the individuality of the farmers as a class, and urged group production and marketing as a substitute for political legislation. He also advocated the adoption of business methods in farming saying, "Politics and politicians will never be able to help better the agricultural situation in the country."

He impressed upon the students that the big problems confronting the farmer are not production, but marketing, and

urged the stressing in our curriculum of rural economics and credits as a distinct aid towards turning out leaders and teachers to the farmers. Despite the radio and the telephone and other modern conveniences Mr. Sapiro declared that the farmers are still isolated in that they have not begun to realize that their life is vastly different from the rest of our industrial life. "The farmer," he said, "has not yet discovered group farming, and in bringing out this discovery is where the National Farm School can play a part."

Mr. Sapiro was followed by Mr. Goodling, who announced another donation by Charles Kline of Allentown, of \$500 as a fund for uniforms of the members of the band, who played one of their spicy marches for the crowd.

A very brief benediction by Rabbi Kaplan of Allentown completed the very interesting program.

After lunch, Dr. William Feinshtreiber of Philadelphia delivered a very beautiful tree consecration address. The trees, some 50 in number, were planted in memory of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker in the Wanamaker Grove. They are a donation by Mr. Gabriel Blum of Philadelphia.

The rest of the day was spent in the inspection of our grounds and talks with the students.

Thus ended another Big Day marking the thirty-first anniversary of the Founding of this school by Dr. Krauskopf.

H. W., '29.

NATURAL SCIENCE LOVERS VISIT FARM SCHOOL

On Saturday, June 16, Mr. Purmell delivered a very interesting talk on Plant Breeding, to the Bucks County Natural Science Association, during their inspection of our grounds.

He described the processes and results of hybridization mentioning the new "Cortland" apple as one example, it being the result of a cross between the "Ben Davis" and the "McIntosh" apples.

Mr. Fiesser also interested them with

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Glass and Glubs

“HELLO Rube, how’s crops?” I shouted as I wandered into the office. But the Dean kicked me out for impoliteness and vulgarity. “But,” I insisted, “I’ve got to meet Rosy here!”

Nothing daunted, I hitch-hiked over to the orchards where Rosy and the gang were playing “Pinochle”. Fortunately Soskin was suddenly stricken with a severe attack of halitosis so I took his hand.

“Well, Rosy, what’s doing lately?”

“Nothing,” he answered, “the minstrel is in a dormant stage just now but will be ready for its first spray of rehearsals early in August. By the way, where have you been lately, Harry?”

“Brazil” I snapped, “getting nuts for the sanitarium.”

“Well then I guess you don’t know that the Freshies lost the baseball games against the Juniors but made up for it on the faculty.”

“No!”

“Yes!” he insisted, “and the Juniors have received their pennants.”

“No!” I exclaimed.

“Yes,” he went on, “and they’re busy as hell—oh, I mustn’t say that word—on their prom.”

“No!” I marveled.

“Yes! Oh have it your way! What are you always contradicting me for?”

We got into an argument here, and I don’t like pinochle anyway, so I quit and snatched a bike to ride over to the Dairy where Fidelgoltz was busy making cheese.

“Fido! come here or you die like a dog,” I said, and seeing he was about to throw the dairy building at me I dodged and hit the can rack on the “up” trip.

“Now! look what you done,” I bawled.

“There, there,” he crooned, “I couldn’t make your head any softer than it is, but I’ll blow on the bump anyway.”

And then he began to blow—and he blew into my head a story of life, love, laughter. Of the council how it put across the Senior May Hop and the Varsity Hop with such spicy vigor and of the Senate, how it dealt Justice to all who craved it and penalties to all who deserved it. Then as I drifted off into a realm of dreamy imagination blown on by the light zephyr wind playing on my dome he crooned a story of the scholastic organization. How the Horticultural Club after having four speakers are making plans for a trip. How the Poultry Club is continuing with their experiment in natural incubation and brooding and are inviting seniors to join their midst.

Still in my state of lethargy I sailed on, now with a strong gale blowing from the southeast. Soft strains of Aeolian music were wafted on the air and I trembled with syncopating shivers of delight. I resigned myself to the languishing airs of the orchestra noticing Colton blaring out the tones of his trumpet. In between breaks I could hear the silver tones of Goodstein’s violin crying out its loneliness to the breeze. Suddenly Stuhlman crashed his foot through the bass drum booming a blast of accompanying silence. Everything stopped. The wind died down and Roy sang.

“I want my Mammy.”

Here I awoke with “I want my dear father” on my lips, and I looked about me. Everything was still. Beside me I saw Fido sleeping. I tip-toed my way home and went to the tennis courts where

Lipson was playing a set with Miss Hanbury.

"We're practicing to make up for our defeat by the Easton High Tennis team," he explained.

I nodded indifferently and went to the Greenhouses where I learned from Jung that Rosenzweig, Kovarick, Kleinman and Lazarowitz have received their varsity letters and are members of the "F" Club. Captain Broadbent is out for a very successful baseball season next year.

As I walked pensively back to Ullman Hall, I soliloquized on the value of various activities. I marveled at my strange dream while undressing, and when I was safely tucked away between sheets I dreamt again, of Rosy, of Fido, of Jungy, of a lot of boloney—same as this.

H. W., '29.

Dean—"Is this your father's signature?"

Berman—"As near as I could make it."

SENIOR MAY HOP

Farm School Chases Another Jinx Away!

The new Student Council seemed to knock old "Jupe" Plavins for a row when it set the date of the Senior May Hop for May 26th. Beautiful weather, hay rides, lots of beautiful girls (and we mean lots too), more than we had dates for.

All the ceremonies were held in the cozy Lasker Hall Reception Room, the dining room being used as a lobby. Stags were few, far between, rare, and scarce.

To top the whole thing off the orchestra was hotter than ever; they scorched the reception room walls and blew the roof off the third floor—and how.

If you haven't got a date to the Junior Prom, you're out!

D. DALLAS RUCH, '29.

Tank—"I was up to a mind reader yesterday."

Waldo—"What a flat time he must have had."

The Frosh-Faculty Fracas

Judging the game from all angles it wasn't such a howling success—for the Faculty. Aside from a few small errors like Doc Moore's throwing to center field to make a double play—and Mr. Purnell running to 1st on his second strike—the Faculty team worked like a clock—that needed winding. With the valiant aid of the Dusky Umpire the pedagogues emerged from the circus at the short end of an 11-9 score.

The clowns gave the monkeys a good game, though.



"Why don't you choke your bat, Mr. Purnell?"
"Well I'm squeezing it as hard as I can."



How the Facs' stellar third-sacker surrounded the hot ones.

Kick Harder's Great Seduction; or 'Down to the Sea in Slips

KICK HARDER yanked his assistant Balksure out of the room by the ear with a baling hook. "Sh," he cried, "I've got a new case."

"Scotch or rye?" queried Balky, but he sobered down when Kick gave him the particulars of the great Few and Phew Robbery.

"You see," Mr. Harder continued, "Few and Phew are the famous cheese growers and they've been robbed of their newly invented gun for shooting holes in Swiss cheese. I sense criminal underhand work here."

Balky listened sympathetically and when Kick finished he broke down and cried, "Oh! to think of the many hardened criminals who have never had their chance. Oh! would that I could aid them!" Here Kick Harder hit him in the head with a sledge hammer saying, "Let us hasten to the scene of the crime."

Their way took them to the wharf. Stepping behind a lamp-post Kick soon emerged as a wharf rat of evil countenance. "Say buddy," he addressed a sailor, "got a match?"

"No."

"That's all right, I'll take a cigarette," reaching out and taking the pack of Luckies. "A dangerous character," he whispered to Balky, "I've got his picture in my private Rogues gallery in Vienna."

Balky wanted to know how much a seat in the rogues gallery cost but just then he swallowed his false teeth, necessitating a visit to the drug store for some drugs.

Meanwhile, Kick, seeing the tugboat "Berkshire" riding at anchor, jumped through the glass skylight to the cabin below. "I just dropped in to say hello," he smiled to the two surprised men—one of whom had two eyes—the lucky boy!

"Don't you know me?" the Great

Detective extended his hand. And then as they still stared in amazement he swallowed his pride which gave him indigestion. "I'm your old friend Kick Harder—"

"The Greatest Criminologist on earth and Mars," finished one of them, rising to his feet.

"And you," informed Kick, "are Messrs. Few and Phew! Well—I really must be going—I've had such a gorgeous time here—"

"Oh must you really go?" chimed the two as Kick Harder slipped on a banana peel and rolled off the boat into the river.

The cry went up "Man Overboard," but Kick killing a swordfish or two swam out to the nearest sewer outlet and 'phoned for assistance.

After swimming around in a circle to see if he could get any dizzy he climbed up to the deck where he was met by several reporters who asked him what became of his plane and did he see anything of "Miss Lindberg".

"Sh," he cautioned, "I'm Kick Harder, the greatest—"

"We know who you are," chorused the crowd, "we've read your book on 'Solving problems by Seduction'."

"Right," beamed Kick, "would you mind waiting while I change my clothes?"

When he reappeared again he was disguised as a detective. Striding manfully over to the crowd he inquired what was the matter. He then ate his chocolate-covered piece of garlic to deaden his nerves and entering the "Berkshire" dramatically announced, "here is your gun. It was I who took it."

"But why,"—began the cheesters when Kick lifting his hand said "Enough

(Continued on next page)

Campus Chatter

The GLEANER is pleased to announce that Morris Levine, '30, and Milton Werrin, '30, have qualified as assistants for the athletic department and secretaryship respectively. More of their sort would mean a bigger and better GLEANER.

* * * * *

The students, according to the Dean's latest innovation, will not be permitted to leave the dining room until twenty-five minutes have passed. This allows for more thorough mastication of the food, thus avoiding the summer sick list rush. Pretty soon we'll be strapped down to the chairs.

* * * * *

HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE KIND HEART OF "YE EDITOR" THIS ISSUE WOULD NEVER HAVE GONE TO PRESS. HE ADVOCATED HOT SHOWERS FOR SUNBURNT BACKS TO ROGLIN WHO IMMEDIATELY WENT ON THE SICK LIST DURING WHICH TIME HE PLAYED POOL AND EDITED THE GLEANER.

* * * * *

Haying will soon be in full swing. Then—sweaty horses, black backs, rising pitchforks, etc., but after all it grinds itself down to the question, "To sleep or not to sleep—Hey mutt, watch out for Mr. Stangel!

* * * * *

Felicitations are in order to "Silent Dan" Glazer, "Jude" Sigunick, "Chick" Roth and "Ken" Campbell for their recovery from their harassing tonsillitis operations; who's next?

* * * * *

IN THE SPRING THE FACULTY DECIDED TO DREDGE THE POOL AT NO. 3. THE WORK LAGGED, WAS FORGOTTEN, AND THEN RESUMED. IT IS NOW DRAINED, WAITING TO BE DREDGED, WHICH WORK CANNOT BE DONE UNTIL AFTER HARVEST. MEANWHILE WE HAVE NO SWIMMING HOLE.

MORAL: "WE'RE GOING TO THE ROCKS."

* * * * *

To complete the transformation of our campus into picnic grounds we're going to be real sports and provide a sand pit for the children to play in. After that we'll probably get sliding chutes, box swings and love tunnels.

KICK HARDER'S GREAT SEDUCTION

(Continued)

—it is merely my method of seduction."

Picking up a package of Red Indian Tobacco he went to his hotel to meet Baksure. He then beat the elevator to the street by sliding down the banisters for twenty-three flights.

"Nothing like having a rubbing good time," he mused.

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: In No. 8143 of this entrancing series we will follow the adventures of Kick Harder on the Bed Bug Trail. Boys! Don't miss it! Parents give this wholesome and manly volume to your sons for character building.

HARRY WEISSMAN, '29.



PHILIP WEBER, '29

EXCHANGE EDITORIAL

IN THE semester that I have criticised the various magazines, I hope that my criticisms and comments have been of value to all my friends of the Exchange Department. I wish to bid farewell and good luck to all the editors whom I have never met personally but have met mentally. When the next semester begins I hope to see all of my former exchanges again. I am assured that competent staffs have been chosen for the task of keeping their magazines and papers up to the standards set for them.

The Wissahickon, Roxborough High School, Phila., Pa.

Greetings! We are very pleased to see you on our exchange list. I have finished reviewing your farewell issue. Yours is a magazine of the best type. You have a good cover design and also good cuts. The introductions are unique. The editorials are fine. Your literary department is interesting as well as complete. Your exchanges are well written and very helpful. Your Athletics show us that your student body has plenty of school spirit as well as some good athletes. Your School Notes and Clubs inform us that your girl students are full of spirit and go. The Bookshelf is praiseworthy as well as your clever Alumni Department. We regard you as one of our best exchanges. Come again.

The Cadet, New York Military Academy, Cornwall on the Hudson,

N. Y.—Welcome to our exchange list. Your cover is excellent. Your magazine is very good in its literary output. Your idea of putting out an issue made up of stories and poems is original and very successful. But where are all of the other departments that we all would like very much to see in every issue? You are lacking in your campus notes, your athletics, humor and exchange and also a few editorials and cuts. Your ideas are very original and you have lots of talent. I'm sure that you can put out a wonderful and well balanced issue.

The Upi-Dah, Upper Darby High School, Upper Darby, Pa.—You, too, are greeted with joy. Your literary department is well represented and is your best department. You have very good pictures and cuts. Your athletic department is very interesting as well as cleverly

(Continued on page 32)

DEPARTMENT DOINGS

(Continued from page 15)

"The 'Big Houses' have been cleared, disinfected, rebedded to receive the incoming pullets. The egg production is about 60 per cent. A mangel patch will be started soon to provide the necessary succulence; 600 broilers were sold and there is a big demand for more."

"Sorry, London, I can't spend much more time with you, but it's getting kind of late and I have to cover some distance yet. No, I wouldn't mind staying here only my horse might object, he is getting restless and hungry."

I left London thusly and went over to the Dairy. I had heard quite a lot about the new ideas they had in mind of putting out Grade 4 per cent milk, and buying Jersey cows. I was quite anxious to know whether or not it was true. The first person with whom I came into contact was Hoguet, attired in Roman fashion. He was directing the Freshmen in the ways of keeping cows clean. All the heifers were sent out to the outlying farms to spend the summer on grass. The new Jersey heifer was allowed to stay in the barns. In the second barn were a row of seven Guernsey cows recently bought by the Dean. Hoguet informed me that it wouldn't be long before the Jerseys would be here. Then for the Ayreshires to complete the circuit he added.

At the other end of the barn Bud intro-

duced me to Mr. Cook, the new Herdsman. Yes sir, the Dean is out to produce clean 4 per cent milk, and it is going to be done. The new Jersey cows will bring up the butter fat content. The creamery will be remodeled and a strict observance kept at all times. I don't see how we can help but do it. Strolling along we went into the calf barn, the show place of the dairy. The house was full with three newcomers. The stock looked fine and in the pink of condition. Kisseff, the calf barn boy, invited me into the creamery for a glass of milk. There I met Fido and Essrig, the men who take care of the milk and make the butter and cheese. They told me that the milk production was near 820 quarts per day, quite high I thought. There are about 57 milking cows and they sure do milk. I guzzled down my milk, which cooled me a bit and I was soon on my way to Farm No. 6.

I came over in time, I must say, for

(Continued on page 29)

Rosy—"How'd you get the soot on your coat?"

Weshner—"That ain't soot, that's dandruff."

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DEPARTMENT DOINGS

(Continued from page 27)

there was little Meyer Rodels having a deuce of a time with that new team. They were playing tag with him. When Meyer saw me he stopped the game and we started a little conversation. Meyer as usual did all the talking.

"Most of our corn germinated and we have started cultivating. We may claim the honor of planting 25 acres of corn a day; on one field we used a 2-12-4 mixture and on the other half acid phosphate. All the corn is going to the dairy for silage. The wheat is hardening and will be ready to cut early in July. We are glad to hear that Mr. Kramer is leaving the dairy and coming back to No. 6 and No. 8. Beauty and Baldy are doing fine, having only run away twice. Messrs. Kramer and Kraft have helped us out immensely."

Looking up into the sky I saw dark

clouds forming, a storm was brewing. Without much more ado I bid Meyer good-bye and galloped away for home. Old Dobbin lost his footing and stumbled just as we got to the No. 6 bridge. I went headlong into the stream and struggled fiercely. It was of no avail, my lungs were filling up with water. I was sure they would burst any minute. I was almost ready to give up when I felt something hard under me. Gradually I opened my eyes and saw the hard-hearted editor in front of me with an empty bucket in one hand and the other twirling that sticky old moustache.

"Snap out of it, I have made up your mind that you will write your department up and have it in on time."

Dripping wet I got up and proceeded to write of my troubles; occasionally I could hear some one chuckling and knew I was doomed to write this piece of words.

S. F., '29.

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BEHIND THE CLOSET DOOR

(Continued from page 19)

the closet, observed its bare interior with a swift glance and returned, "Go on, Mr. Ganzi," he invited.

"It's my word against the word of a criminal," Ganzi said confidently—"my word, and the fact that his gun with one chamber empty, was found on him when you caught him. That ought to be enough."

"It's almost enough."

Ganzi's eyebrows lifted ever so slightly "Almost? almost?"

"Almost. If he was in the closet, he didn't commit the murder—and you swear he was never in the closet."

"I do!"

The captain slipped a pair of handcuffs on Ganzi's wrists. "Mr. Ganzi," he said, "you should have looked at the closet yourself. He has written his name on the inside of the door!"

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ALUMNI NOTES

(Continued from page 10)

Alumni will be present to a man. Inasmuch as this is the fifth anniversary of the 1923 Class, a 100 per cent turnout is expected from them.

Don't forget, we expect to see you all July 7th and 8th.

DAVID PLATT, '23,
Secretary.

Platt and Eskin, both of '23, visited the school on the day we played Williamson Trade School in baseball. We won, despite a heavy shower, thanks to their inspiring presence. I might also add that Platt umpired.

S. M. Golden, '23, and his Royal Highness, H. H. Rubenstein, '11, have been consistent visitors here of late. Their favorite pastime (outside of coming here) appears to be tennis at which they are becoming more and more proficient.

Agriculture seems to agree with H. Brick, '28, and Raymond Greenbaum, '28. They both look the picture of health. Brick is sporting a new Palm Beach suit with a new old machine.

Al Silver, '27, appears to find agriculture very prosperous indeed. He rode up here in his father's Chevy and had it repaired by Norman gratis. It pays to be a Farm School graduate, doesn't it?

Stony Stonitsch, '28, down in the wilds of Nicaragua is having a delightful time sleeping from 12 to 2 o'clock and changing clothes five times a day.

A NEW ERA

Ages have come and gone. First it was the stone, then the iron, followed closely by the bronze age. Each had their respective symbols.

But a new age has dawned. One that is entirely different from the others. It is the age of slogans. No more do we have to worry which brand to buy. If we prefer it toasted "just whistle". If you'd rather "walk a mile" there's a yellow cab that "goes anywhere". Nor do we have to buy the old patent medicines that cured every malady, for now the "children cry for it" and the adults "can reduce where they want to reduce". And while on this embarrassing topic there is also something that will—oh well, I'd rather not say it "for even your best friend won't tell you".

Yes, the stone, bronze, and iron ages have all gone, for even our pots and pans are "made of aluminum".

H. E. R., '29.

Weber—"I have a chance to make the team this year."

Fido—"Why, are they going to raffle it off?"

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EXCHANGES

(Continued from page 26)

printed. School notes as depicted by your editor are well written, your exchange is interesting. Alumni and personal editors are worthy of our praise. Let us see you again.

The Southron, South Philadelphia High School, Phila., Pa.—Your magazine is of the standard that we would like others to strive to emulate. The cover and cuts you have are very appropriate to the issue. Your editorial and literary embarkings are great. From your class and school writings we conclude that you have an ambitious student body. Your humor is very subtle. All that we suggest is a few poems.

P. W., '29.

"History repeats itself," said Mr. McKown, as he flunked the class.

NATURAL SCIENCE LOVERS VISIT
FARM SCHOOL

(Continued from page 21)

his talk and demonstration on Landscape Gardening. After showing them our nurseries he led them to the rock garden where many flowers in bloom were enthusiastically discussed.

TRUTH IN FOUR LINES

*In the days of '49**Men drank good liquor, not moonshine.**But in the days of '28, alack!**Men drink everything, from benzine to
shellac!*

J. M., '30.

Lost and Found—Lost, my bearings in Philadelphia. Finder, please return.—Rubenstein.

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